




# ABDUCTED.

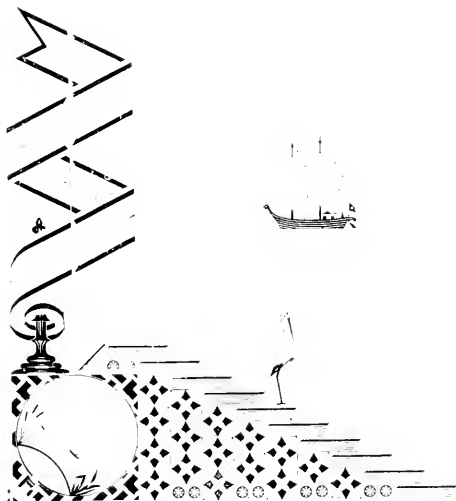
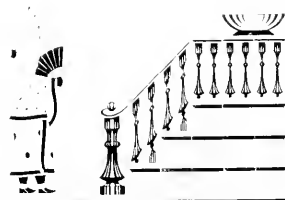


A Drama in Five Acts.

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BY JONES ' KELLY.





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ALLEGHENY:

PRINTED BY THOS. CORDE & Co., 120 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

1880.

# CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

ARTHUR ARLINGTON.	
MR. WALTERS.....	An Ohio Farmer.
NETTIE WALTERS.....	His Daughter.
PLATO.....	An African.
JUNA LEMONT.....	A Quadroon.
GEORGE STERLING.....	A Villain.
JOE ROBINSON	} .....His Confederates
MARK STAR	
BOB MANKS	
MR. VILLERS.....	A New York Clergyman.
MR. WILLIAMS.....	County Constable.

# COSTUMES OF THE CHARACTERS.

ARTHUR ARLINGTON.....	Citizen's Clothes.
NETTIE WALTERS.....	Plain Evening Dress.
MR. WALTERS.....	Grey Wig and Beard, Citizen's Clothes.
PLATO.....	Suitable Citizen's Clothes.
JUNA LEMONT.....	Dark Clothes.
MR. VILLERS.....	Dressed according to his Calling.
GEORGE STERLING.....	Clothes Gay and Flashy.
JOE ROBINSON	} .....Commonly Dressed.
MARK STAR	
BOB MANKS	

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1880, by JONES KELLY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rear of Cottage. Flat representing Barn Yard.*

*Tall tree. [ARTHUR found leaning against the Tree.]*

*Enter NETTIE, R., crossing left with pan of corn.*

NETTIE.

Chick, chick, chick, chick.

*Exit ARTHUR, L.*

*Continue NETTIE—Chick, chick, chick, &c.*

*Enter ARTHUR, L.*

NETTIE.

Why, good evening, Arthur; where did you come from?

ARTHUR.

From the poplar tree, Nettie. I have been watching you feeding those domestic pets, until I have become almost jealous. [*To the fowls.*] Be-gone, ye feathered favorites; I would claim all the attention of this fairy for a moment. Shoo! begone. Shoo! shoo!

NETTIE.

O Arthur! you are scaring all my pets.

ARTHUR.

I have not scared my pet yet, I see. [*Taking the pan from her and throwing corn off left.*] Let me assure them I am not a destroyer. [*Suddenly emptying the pan of its entire contents.*] There, take it all, and feed to your hearts content, you feathered reprobates.

NETTIE—[*Taking his arm.*]

Come, let's away into the house.

*Exit into cottage, right.*

## SCENE II.

*Country roadside—hills and woods.*

*Enter ROBINSON and MARK STAR, L.*

ROBINSON.

Tell you what, Mark, this lay is a good one. Sterling told me, if he didn't succeed in bringing the gal to terms by moral suasion, (and I kinder calculate he won't succeed, for that gal aint no way sweet on him,) that he'd plump down \$100 if we'd "Charlie Ross" her, and take her to the lake side cave.

STAR.

Well, yes; that's very good as far as the job goes; but I don't reckon I'm going to run the risk of playing checkers with my nose for no fifty dollar William. Let him multiply that by three, and then count me in.

ROBINSON.

All right, that nobbie has the spondulies, and we'll strike him for three hundred. Sh! By Christopher! talk of Belzebub and his imps are sure to appear. Here comes Sterling and that fool of a Bob Manks. Blast him, if he's in the job he'll give us away.

*Enter STERLING and BOB MANKS, R. 1 E.*

ROBINSON

How are you, Gov'nor? Fine evening, aint it?

STERLING.

Yes, quite. But come, gentlemen, get together, I have a bone to pick with you. [*All four come together, STERLING and ROBINSON on the right, MARK and BOB on the left.*] Now, gentlemen, I have a piece of work for you. You know, Robinson, I was telling you last night.

ROBINSON.

Yes, Gov'nor, I was telling my friend, here; but he kinder shows his devil's foot about the price; and I rather think myself you orter make the booty enough to fit it.

STERLING.

Well, now, gentlemen, you shouldn't be hard on me. I've offered you \$100, and I think that is enough.

STAR.

Well, I don't. I ain't goin' to set old Constable Williams on my trail for no such small sum.

STERLING.

Well, how large must the booty be? Set your price.

STAR.

Make it three hundred.

STERLING.

Great Christopher! Well, I guess it must be three hundred, and you do the job.

STAR, ROBINSON, MANKS—[*Together.*]

It's a bargain. Now lay your plans.

STERLING.

Well, now, attention. Arthur Arlington—curses on him—will be there to-night, but he will stay but a short time, as he is going to Europe, and must leave for New York on the 8 train to-night. I make my call on Miss Nettie immediately after his departure, and— Well, that's my business. At 10 o'clock I will meet you in Cedar Grove, a short distance out the lane; there I will tell you if you must proceed, and what you must do.

ROBINSON.

All right! at ten o'clock.

STERLING.

Yes, don't fail. Good night. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

ROBINSON, STAR.

Good night. [*Exit L. 1 E.*]

### SCENE III.

*Neatly furnished room—Sofa, &c.*

NETTIE and ARTHUR ARLINGTON *sitting on sofa.*

ARTHUR.

Nettie, I have sad news for you.

NETTIE.

O Arthur! what is it? Is it very sad?

ARTHUR.

Well—yes—no—that is—I cannot say that it will be such very sad news to you. It is this—I am going away. [*Rising.*]



NETTIE—Why, Arthur, you are teasing; you know that it would be sad news—very sad news. How far are you going? how long will you stay? [*Rising*]

ARTHUR—I am going to Europe, Nettie. I do not know how long I shall stay; it may be a year, and it may be more; but I cannot go willingly until you promise me something.

NETTIE—If my refusal to promise you, Arthur, will prevent you from going, I shall not promise.

ARTHUR—Nettie, your refusal to promise would not prevent me from going, but might prevent me from ever returning.

NETTIE—What do you mean?

ARTHUR—I mean there would be nothing to return for.

NETTIE—Arthur, why speak thus in riddles? do you doubt my love for you? Think you I could refuse to promise you anything in my power to fulfill?

ARTHUR—No, Nettie, I do not doubt your love; but there may be some reasons why you should refuse to promise what I would ask.

NETTIE—Then keep me no longer in suspense; let me hear it that I may judge.

ARTHUR—I will. [*Walking down centre, hands clasped.*] Nettie, we are lovers, and have been such for one year past; yet it is but now that the crisis of our destiny as lovers has come. I am about to leave America, I know not what events may take place during my stay in Europe, whence I am bound; but of one thing I hope to be assured—it is this—will you be my wife? will you wait for me?

NETTIE—[*Hesitatingly.*] O, Arthur!—I—I—this is so sudden! You must give me time to think.

ARTHUR—Time to think, Nettie! I have not time to think; in fifteen minutes I must away. I have come to bid you all farewell.

NETTIE—But I am so young to make such a promise.

ARTHUR—It is but a promise, Nettie; years may roll away before the fulfilment of it. Come, dearest, in one hour from now I shall be whirling over the rails at the speed of the wind; what shall be my destiny? Will you wait for me? Speak, darling! I must away.

NETTIE—[*Clasping her hands, and placing them on his bosom with upturned face.*] Yes.

ARTHUR—God bless you! [*Kissing her*] Now I must away. Good-bye!

NETTIE—One moment—Are you not going to bid papa farewell?

ARTHUR—Yes, yes. I had almost forgotten him in this my moment of happiness—aye, and I had almost forgotten, too, I must ask him for this fairy hand.

NETTIE—[*Laughing*] O no, not a fairy hand—something stronger. I'll call papa. [*Skipping to the door—calling*] Papa! papa!

MR. WALTERS—[*From without.*] Aye, daughter. [*Enter, left.*] What is it, dear? [*Seeing Arthur.*] Good evening, Arthur, my noble fellow. [*Crossing and shaking hands.*]

NETTIE—Arthur has come to bid us all farewell; he is going to Europe, papa.

MR. W.—Going to Europe!

ARTHUR—Aye, and I am here on another errand, sir.

MR. W.—What is it, dear fellow?

ARTHUR—[*Grasping NETTIE'S hands.*] Will you with—blessings—give consent—these hearts and hands unite?

MR. W.—[*Hands uplifted.*] My soul consents; may heaven bless your lives and make them bright!

ARTHUR, *right.* MR. WALTERS, *centre.* NETTIE, *left.*

NETTIE and ARTHUR *bow.*

ARTHUR. [*Kissing NETTIE's hands.*]  
Farewell, I must begone. [*Taking both their hands.*]

MR. WALTERS.

Farewell.

NETTIE *weeps.* *Exit MR. WALTERS, left.*

ARTHUR. [*Leading NETTIE right.*]  
Weep not, darling. I will write to you. Farewell.

NETTIE. [*Feebly.*]

Farewell.

*Exit ARTHUR. NETTIE returns to sofa, weeping.*

Arthur, dear fellow, you are gone! how I shall miss you! How dreary will the hours be to me; the morn shall bring no cheering light, the noonday sun no warmth, the eve no glorious sunset to admire; no music shall there be in the warble of the birds, no beauty in the scene around, no consolation in the hymn the evening songster sings, till you, my love, return and fill my soul with life again.

NETTIE *still weeping.* *Enter JUNA, L., crossing to NETTIE.*

JUNA

Why do you weep, Nettie? has anything happened?

NETTIE.

O Juna! is that you? Arthur Arlington has been here, bidding us all farewell; and I, like the silly girl that I am, have been weeping after him; but, O Juna! it is so hard to see him go—so far—and I love him so. [*Weeping.*]

JUNA.

Yes, yes; but you must become reconciled. I know it is hard, but you must learn to bear such little troubles. You will meet many such in life, aye, greater ones, Nettie; such as will wring your very heart-strings, cause that rosy color to leave your cheek, and almost rob you of your life. Think of me, Nettie! four years ago I was owned—so said the world—by a master. Plato served under the same master, but was strongly disliked by our oppressor. Plato was too wise, too intelligent, and so quick-tempered; he oft resented an insult, or took the part of some poor victim of his master's tyranny. Once—I remember it so well! he called his master a coward. His master drew a pistol. Plato dashed it from his hand, and struck him several blows; in the moment of his passion, he grasped him in a vise-like grip, raised him above his head, and hurled him bleeding to the ground. I was standing near by; he ran, kissed me, and bade me farewell. In a moment he was gone—gone I knew not where. It nearly broke my heart, Nettie, for I loved him. He had not the fair complexion, the flowing locks nor handsome face your Arthur has; but he had a noble heart—he was manly—he was true! I never saw him after that till I met him in your father's family; and he told me how he had escaped north and met your father in the army; how your father had saved his life, and he had accompanied him home, resolved to do all in his power to repay the debt of gratitude he owed. [*Bell rings.*] There's the door bell. [*Rising.*] Prepare to meet a visitor. [*Exit L.*]

NETTIE.

Oh, who can it be calling upon me at a time I least desire it. [*Going to mirror and arranging hair.*] There, I am ready. [*Returning to sofa.*]

*Re-enter JUNA.* [*Hands NETTIE card.*]

JUNA.

Here is your visitor's card.

NETTIE. [*Recoiling.*]

George Sterling!

JUNA.

Yes, George Sterling. Nettie, beware of this man; it is he of whom I spoke

as my former master. It was he who treated Plato so cruelly. O Nettie, he is a villian!—a fiend! He will not hesitate to do anything to satisfy his desires. Beware of him, Nettie! beware!

NETTIE.

Admit him, Juna; he is no favorite. [*Exit JUNA.*] George Sterling! oh, why does this man persist in paying attentions to me? I am sure I do not encourage him—I detest him! He is insolent, impudent and ill-bred. I shall not treat him with respect. I will repulse him—or at least he shall know he's not at all welcome.

[*Enter GEORGE STERLING.*]

STERLING.

Good evening, Miss Nettie.

NETTIE. [*Coldly.*]

Good evening, sir. Be seated. [*Handing him a chair.*]

STERLING.

This is a lovely evening.

NETTIE.

Very.

STERLING.

Yes, Miss Nettie, a lovely evening. The moon sheds her silvery light upon the beautiful scene about us; her flickering companions, the stars, seem to mingle their rays with hers, and flood the earth with a halo that's divine. Earth responds and hurls a reflection to the sky. Aye, all this is beauty, Miss Nettie; but it cannot be compared with the beauty upon which I now have the pleasure to gaze. That beauty is in your face; but there seems to be a cloud that overshadows it—what is it? Is there a storm brewing? or have the winds of fortune wafted clouds of trouble to the skies?—which brings about this gloom. [*Aside.*] I rather think that's pretty.

NETTIE.

I do not understand you, sir.

STERLING.

I refer to your looks—you look troubled to-night.

NETTIE.

I'm not in the best of humor, sir.

STERLING.

I'm sorry to hear that, as I have a favor to ask.

NETTIE.

A favor to ask of me, Mr. Sterling!

STERLING.

Yes, a favor; though I fear to ask it in the face of ill-humor.

NETTIE. [*Haughtily.*]

Sir, what is the favor you would ask?

STERLING.

If I make it known, you will pardon the abrupt manner in which I speak?

NETTIE.

I will.

STERLING.

Then I will to the point at once. We have been acquainted for some time, and my frequent calls upon you have been indications of my esteem for you. Allow me to word my admiration as follows: I have been charmed by your beauty, fascinated by your manners, and have actually fallen in love with you.

NETTIE. [*Scornfully.*]

Sir, you will please abridge preparatory compliments, and to the point at once.

STERLING.

I will. As I have said, I love you. What will satisfy love? what will bring contentment to the heart where love is longing for sympathy—[*Rising, walking towards NETTIE*].—Nettie, you understand me; you know the favor I would ask—do you return that love?—will you—

NETTIE.

Enough, sir; I understand you. Your love is not returned. You seek a hand you shall not get. I have known you long, and I have despised you as long. I am acquainted with you—yes, too well to favor such a suit. You are insolent, impudent, and tread upon forbidden ground. I have not encouraged this by word or deed, and you have dared to speak that of which you should not even think. Were you in any way deserving of esteem or respect I might have spoken mildly; but you I detest, despise and loathe!

STERLING.

Beware, Miss! you may repent those angry words.

NETTIE.

Sir, do not threaten me. I have protection here.

STERLING.

Your protection would avail you little, Miss, were I disposed to be hostile; but I meant not to offend you, and if I have done so I beg your pardon.

NETTIE.

You have offended me, sir, beyond pardon.

STERLING.

May I not apologize?

NETTIE.

No, sir.

STERLING.

Let us be friends again, I beg of you.

NETTIE.

Back, sir! do not add poison to the cup of villany you have already filled.

STERLING.

I would advise you to be more civil.

NETTIE.

Civility were wasted on such a wretch as you. I desire this interview to come to a close, sir. There is the door. [*Pointing to the door.*]

STERLING. [*Angrily.*]

What! drive me from the house! There must be an end to this. Now that you have treated me with such contempt, you shall know my purpose. I have sworn to have you for my wife, and shall fulfil my oath. You shall repent these angry words, for I will one day have you in my power.

NETTIE. [*Pointing to the door.*]

Go!

STERLING.

I will not go. [*NETTIE pulls bell.*] Oh, that's your game, is it? [*Crossing L.*]

[*Enter PLATO.*]

NETTIE.

Plato, show this man the door.

STERLING.

[*Aside.*] Ha! Plato! [*Aloud.*] I'm not yet ready to go, sir. You are dismissed.

NETTIE.

How dare you, sir? Plato, I request it—show him to the door.

STERLING.

You dog—begone!

PLATO. [*Pointing to the door.*]

Go!

I will not go.

STERLING.

PLATO.  
Go, or I may have the pleasure of conducting you.

STERLING. [*Aside.*]  
I have had a taste of your infernal black musele, else I would not go. [*Exit L.*]

TABLEAU.  
PLATO, *right*.                      NETTIE, *centre*.  
CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Country roadside—hills and woods.*

*Enter BOB MANKS, L., running across R.*

ROBINSON. [*Outside.*]  
Stop, yer blarsted fool!

*Enter ROBINSON, MANKS and MARK STAR, L.*

STAR. [*Pointing pistol.*]  
Yes; stop, ye infernal scarecrow, or I'll bore ye.

MANKS.  
Oh—Oh! Put up that pistol. I'll stop—I'll stop.

STAR.  
Will ye come to tearmes?  
MANKS.  
Yes—yes! I'll come to tearmes.

STAR. [*Pointing pistol.*]  
There, now, listen to me. We wouldn't have took ye into this, Manksey, only as a pall we don't want to go back on ye; but yer such a blarsted fool that we won't make an equal divvey with ye.

MANKS.  
You won't! Then I'll be gol darned if I don't give you away.

STAR. [*Raises pistol.*]  
Yer will, will ye?

MANKS.  
Oh, no! Put up that pistol—I won't.

ROBINSON.  
Now look here, Manksey, we don't want any more of this foolin'. Listen to what we're goin' to say. We'll give ye fifty dollars out of this job, and that's all we will give ye.

STAR.  
Yes, and if yer kick any more we'll jist bore ye and kiver ye up.

MANKS.  
All right—all right—I won't kick.

ROBINSON. [*Aside.*]  
Ha! ha! Aint he a braver? Let's have some fun with him, Mark.

STAR.  
All right. We'll make him dance.

ROBINSON.  
I say, Bob, the gals around here tell me you are kind of an artist.

MANKS. [*Bracing up proudly.*]  
Well, yes; I am a rather a sort of genius—in fact I'm a school teacher, an artist, poet and a dancing master.

STAR.

Is that so; well, now that our bargain is sealed, s'pose you give us a lesson in dancing, and sing us one of yer original songs.

MANKS.

Well, now, gentlemen, I'd like to accommodate you, but the situation isn't suitable; open air is always injurious to one's articulating organs; besides, I am sort of rheumatic to-night, and [*suddenly getting lame*] I don't feel much like dancing.

STAR.

Oh, well, Bob, the open air ain't goin' to hurt your 'ticularatin' organs, and a jig will be good for yer rheumatics—so hop out here.

MANKS.

No, gentlemen, I positively decline. I'm not able. [*Starting off.*]

STAR. [*Points pistol.*]

Come back here and give us a jig.

MANKS.

Oh, most certainly! Gentlemen, I don't mean to offend you, but look! the birds are soaring free and unmolested in the air; the squirrels skip and chirp about these diggings happy as the sunbeams; and no one asks them to sing a song or dance a jig against their will. I hope you are not going to compel me.

STAR.

Well, yes, I kinder calculate we are. The birds have gone to roost, and the squirrels are in their nests; so we'll have to fall back on you, Bobbie. Come, give us a jig—we're tired waiting.

MANKS.

Well, I—I—gentlemen, my soul is as big as the billowy main; my heart is as—

ROBINSON.

Oh, come, we don't want any more of eloquent speeches; git out here and give us a jig.

STAR *points pistol.*

MANKS.

Oh, certainly, gentlemen.

[*Crossing centre, begins to dance, looking upward.*]

STAR.

Don't elevate your head so.

[*MANKS lowers his head, looking at his feet, but gradually raises the former, and looks up again.*]

STAR. [*Pointing pistol.*]

Down with your head, or I'll blow it off.

[*MANKS drops his head quickly and dances furiously.*]

STAR.

Sing.

MANKS *sings.*

ROBINSON.

Oh, give us a rest. We're sick.

STAR.

Get out of here; you're a fraud.

*Both kick MANKS off stage, L.*

MANKS. [*Yelling.*]

Oh—Oh—Oh— &c.

## SCENE II.

*Railroad Depot. Train of cars up across stage.  
Passengers moving to and fro.*

*Enter ARTHUR ARLINGTON, followed by PLATO with valise.*

ARTHUR. [*Taking valise from PLATO.*]

Farewell, Plato, my good fellow, take care of yourself; aye, and I have another charge to leave with you; I have a strange presentiment that all is not well at Mr. Walter's house. Instinct teaches me that there is danger hovering over this family. Promise me, Plato, that you will stand a watchful protection against all possible harm that may come to Mr. Walters and one—a treasure to me—you understand me, Plato.

PLATO.

Yes, Mr. Arlington, I understand you; and I promise you that while a heart still beats within this bosom, and blood still flows unchecked within these veins, and strength within these limbs, no harm shall come to Mr. Walters or his family that I can guard against.

*Enter STERLING, L.*

STERLING.

Yes, Mr. Arlington; and I promise you that while a heart still beats within this bosom, and love for Nettie Walters rages fierce within, and life remains within this frame, and blood still flows unchecked within these veins and strength is in these limbs, no harm shall come to Mr. Walters or his family—provided they don't oppose me in my matrimonial aspirations to his daughter.

ARTHUR.

I have no time to waste on a bound of your type, else tomorrow's sun would find you in the grave.

PLATO

Say but the word, sir, and though my heart be torn from its pulses, I'll tear him piece-meal on the spot

ARTHUR.

Heed him not, Plato; it would only cost you trouble. [*Taking his hand.*] Farewell.

DEPOT MASTER.

All aboard.

PLATO.

Farewell, Mr. Arlington; may heaven bless and bring you safely back.

ARTHUR *boards train.*

STERLING. [*Calls after him.*]

Farewell, Mr. Arlington, I'll keep my promise; I'll protect your fairy.

ARTHUR. [*From the platform of the train.*]

Farewell, George Sterling; and I'll keep my promise that when I return, if aught of harm from you, has come to Mr. Walters or his family, I'll track the earth o'er land and sea—from east to west—from north to south; or tread bare-foot the sands of the Great Sahara; but I'll have the satisfaction and gratification of having sent a bullet through your heart. [*Train moves out.*]

SCENE III.—*Eden Grove.*

*Enter ROBINSON, STAR and MANKS, R.*

ROBINSON.

Here's the spot; I reckon it's about ten o'clock—aint just got a time-pieee, but I think I'm right.

STAR.

Yes, I think so, and I hope Sterling won't be long; I feel sorter anxious to know if we're goin' ter get the job.

ROBINSON.

Well, there's not much doubt o' that, there's more chance of Mr. Sterling coming to us with a few locks of his hair gone, for that gal's a tartar when she's started; or maybe he'll be minus a few front teeth, for they have an African up there that ain't no ways gentle when he's got his dander up—he'd as soon chew ye up as look at ye.

MANKS.

I say, Robinson—

ROBINSON.

Mr. Robinson, if you please.

MANKS.

Oh, certainly, sir, certainly, I beg pardon. I was going to say, Mr. Robinson, is there any danger of meeting this cannibal like Ethiopian in our job to-night?

STAR.

Well, I kinder calculate there is, for he'll be there, some place, and we'll have to be alert to keep out of his clutches.

MANKS. [*Shrugging his shoulders.*]

Well I guess I'll just keep watch on the outside, while you gentlemen steal the gal.

STAR.

Well, I guess you'll just follow, and keep watch on the inside.

MANKS.

Oh, certainly, gentlemen, if you say so.

*Enter GEORGE STERLING, L.*

STAR and ROBINSON. [*Together*]

Good evening, Mr. Sterling.

STERLING.

Oh, blast you! there's no time for formalities just now; we have something more important to attend to.

ROBINSON.

Very well, what is your business? did your gal smile on you to-night?

STERLING.

Well, I am not just in the humor to put up with insolent questions to-night. My business is this: the young lady defied me, and I must have her in my power within 24 hours from now.

STAR.

So you give us the job?

STERLING.

Yes.

ROBINSON.

Well, give us your directions.

STERLING.

Be patient, and I will. In the first place, meet me at the rear of Mr. Walters' house at 12 o'clock to-night; there I'll direct you how to enter the house, entrap the bird, and that did, we will proceed to the Lakeside Cave with our captive.

ROBINSON.

Kereet, your plans are well laid; and now, Mr. Sterling, when do we get the booty?

STERLING.

When you finish the job.

STAR.

Well, that don't just suit.

STERLING.

Ha! you are going to show your devil's foot again!



STAR.

Well, I reckon I am. We don't generally do a job without part pay in advance.

STERLING.

The deuce you say! well, suppose you don't get it.

STAR.

Then we don't do the job.

STERLING.

Confound you, how much do you want.

STAR.

Just half the amount agreed upon. [STERLING hands STAR the money.] Thank you; we'll meet you at the appointed place. [Exit ROBINSON and STAR, R.]

STERLING.

Now, Miss Walters, in 24 hours you will be in my power, and I'll break your proud spirit or I'll break your heart.

MANKS. [Tapping STERLING on the shoulder.]

Aw—aw—Mr. Sterling, you will allow me to keep watch on the outside of the house, I suppose.

STERLING. [Turning round and striking him.]

There, you infernal fool! that's for your insolence. [Exit L.]

MANKS falls when struck, rises and hobbles off stage, R.

#### SCENE IV.—Second story hall in MR. WALTER'S house.

Enter ROBINSON, STAR and MANKS, masked, R.

Cross stealthily. Exit, L. Scream outside.

Re-enter all, leading NETHLE, gagged, crossing R. Another scream outside.

Enter JUNA, rushing to the rescue.

JUNA.

Help! Help! Help!

A struggle ensues, JUNA finally overcome and gagged. Exit all, R.

Enter MR. WALTERS, L.

MR. WALTERS.

Stop, villains! Stop! Oh, heavens! my daughter! my daughter! [Knocking at the door.] Plato! Plato!

Enter PLATO.

PLATO.

What is it, sir? What has happened?

MR. WALTERS.

Quick, Plato, quick! saddle the fleetest horse in the stable. Fiendish villains have stolen my daughter and Juna! Away to the rescue—stay—stay! [Taking a rusty sword from the wall.] Here, my good fellow, [hurling sword about Plato's waist,] here is the trusty blade that saved your life—take it. Save my daughter! save my daughter! save my daughter! [Sinks into a chair.]

PLATO.

There, there, sir! [Placing his hand upon the sword.] I shall not use it. [Clenching his fists with outstretched arms.] See! God has given me weapons strong as a lion's limbs. Now hear me. I am off to the rescue, and I will bring back your daughter safe and unharmed, or I will never darken the door of your house again. [Exit, R.]

MR. WALTERS. [Rising and tottering to a window.]

Ha! brave fellow! into the stable he goes. Make haste, Plato, save my daughter! Ha! ha! there the villains fly. Ho! gallant Plato! he mounts

the saddle! now Plato, away—away he goes—fly, Plato, fly! Capture them, and do not spare a single one. Oh, heaven, save my daughter—my daughter! [*Sinks to the chair. Suddenly rises again and grasps hat and cane.*] Ha! I will follow them though I faint by the way. God give me strength to save my daughter.

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Country highway. Lake in distance. Moonlight.*

*Enter* GEORGE STERLING *and* ROBINSON, *leading captives.*

STERLING.

Come on, boys, we're in for a race. The nigger's on a horse. If we can but reach the lake we are safe.

ROBINSON.

All right. We'll loose no time, so drive ahead. [*Erit, L.*]

*Enter* PLATO, R.

PLATO.

Stop, villains, or I'll fire. [*Points pistol. Suddenly lowers it.*] No, no! it would never do to shoot: but here, [*shaking his fist*] he'll think he's shot who feels the weight of this. [*Erit, L.*]

SCENE II — *Country road.*

*Enter* MR. WALTERS.

MR. WALTERS.

Thus far on the villains' track! [*Gasping for breath.*] Heaven give me strength—I faint—I faint. [*Sinks in a faint.*]

*Enter* POLICEMAN, R.

POLICEMAN.

Hello! what's the matter, here? what can be the meaning of all this? I have just seen a horseman dashing at break-neck speed up the highway, and now I find an aged traveller fainting in the road. [*Takes flask from his pocket, and places it to MR. WALTERS' lips.*] Here, old man, take some of this, it will revive you.

MR. WALTERS. [*Feebly.*]

Ah! where am I? who is this? Ha! villains! so you have another captive.

POLICEMAN.

No, old man; I'm an officer from Painsville, out with a warrant for a certain individual in this neighborhood.

MR. WALTERS.

An officer, then you're the man I wish to see. [*Grasping his cane and struggling to his feet.*] Go, raise an alarm—bring a force of officers: a crime has been committed; my daughter has been abducted.

POLICEMAN.

Abducted! aye, that is a crime, old man! And what direction shall I lead in pursuit?

MR. WALTERS.

Out the highway, toward the lake.

POLICEMAN.

Ha! then I saw a horseman in pursuit.

MR. WALTERS.

Aye, that was Plato—gallant fellow! Come—away—bring assistance!

POLICEMAN.

Aye, that I will, and that in haste. [*Erit, L.*]

MR. WALTERS.

Heaven grant it! but I cannot wait: I must attempt to save my daughter.

[*Erit L.*]

SCENE III.—*Rocks by the Lakeside.**Enter* STERLING, STAR and ROBINSON, *with captives, L.*

STERLING.

Into the gulch, boys; on to the cave and we are safe. [*Exit all, R.*]*Enter* MANKS, L.

MANKS.

Hold on, gentlemen, don't desert me. [*Looking around bewilderedly.*] Where have they gone? Surely they have not jumped over the cliff! [*Looking over the rocks.*]*Enter* PLATO.PLATO. [*Grasping him by the coat tail.*]

Now I have one of you.

MANKS.

Oh—oh! what's that? O Lord! spare me! spare me!

PLATO.

No, I will not spare you. Go to the fate you much deserve. [*Pushing him up the rocks.*]*Enter* STERLING.

STERLING.

Back, you dog! [*Fires pistol at PLATO.*]MANKS. [*Clapping his hand to his ear.*]

Oh—oh! My ear—my ear! Oh, save!

PLATO *pushes him over the rocks and rushes at* STERLING.

PLATO.

Now, sir, you shall follow your companion. [*They struggle.*]STERLING. [*Drawing a dagger.*]Will I? We shall see. [*Stabbing him. PLATO falls to the stage.*] That's the way I serve a nigger. [*Exit, R.*]PLATO. [*Attempting to rise.*]Ha! villain! You thought to finish me, but I am worth six dead men yet. [*Rising with difficulty and leaning against the rocks.*]*Enter* MR. WALTERS.

MR. WALTERS.

Ha! Plato! are you hurt?

PLATO.

Mr. Walters, you here?

MR. WALTERS.

Aye, I could not rest at home; but are you wounded?

PLATO.

Only a flesh wound, sir; I shall soon recover.

MR. WALTERS.

The assassins have escaped?

PLATO.

Yes, for the time being; but see, this wound shall serve to mind me of the debt I owe George Sterling, and I shall not rest until I've lodged him in a prison cell.

CURTAIN.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Parlor in a New York hotel.*ARTHUR *seated at table, R., reading newspaper.* MR. VILLERS *same.*  
*Hotel guests seated here and there.*MR. VILLERS. [*Rising.*]

Well, Arthur, you are here at the Lawrence Hotel, one of the finest in New York. I am most agreeably surprised to meet you here.

ARTHUR.

Yes, uncle, and I to meet you.

MR. VILLERS.

So you sail at noon.

ARTHUR.

Yes; and although I anticipate a pleasant voyage across the waters, I am loath to make this start, for I leave friends behind me, with whom I cannot but feel sad to part.

MR. VILLERS.

Ah! my dear boy, I appreciate your devotion. It is hard to leave friends and kinsmen and go into a strange land, even though we have communication with them. Life is so uncertain that we cannot feel at rest in mind away from home.

*Enter MESSENGER BOY, R. Crossing to MR. VILLERS and ARTHUR.*

MESSENGER BOY.

Mr. Arthur Arlington.

ARTHUR.

Here, my lad. A telegraphic dispatch?

MESSENGER BOY.

Yes, sir

*ARTHUR receives message formally. Exit MESSENGER BOY, R.*

ARTHUR.

Well, uncle, here is pleasant news. [*Reads aloud.*] London, England. MR. A. ARLINGTON—Owing to the delay of business, the nature of which you understand, we, the undersigned, hereby request you to postpone your voyage for one month from date, at which time will be able to transact business with you. Yours respectfully, MILLER, McCURE & Co.

MR. VILLERS.

Ah, that is news indeed! then you need not sail!

ARTHUR.

No, but I will remain in New York a short time and transact some business.

*Enter CONSTABLE WILLIAMS, R., moving among guests as if inquiring for some one, excitedly. One of the guests points out*

ARTHUR ARLINGTON.

CONSTABLE. [*Walking across.*]

Pardon me, sirs, have I the honor of addressing Mr. Arthur Arlington.

ARTHUR.

That is my name, sir; I am at your service.

CONSTABLE.

Sir, I have news for you.

ARTHUR.

Ah! indeed, good or bad?

CONSTABLE.

Very bad news, sir. I suppose you recognize me—Constable Williams, of—

ARTHUR.

Yes, sir, I recognized you when first I saw you; [*anxiously*] but what is the news?

CONSTABLE.

It is contained in this message, which I received a few moments ago. [*Hands him message.*]

ARTHUR. [*Reads. Jumps up excitedly.*]

The villains! my coat—my hat. Come on, Mr. Williams. There's no time to be lost if ever—

MR. VILLERS.

What's the matter, Arthur? what has happened?

ARTHUR.

No time for explanation now, uncle; there's more than precious lives at stake. A moment may be fatal.

CONSTABLE.

Be calm, my friend; a cool head is more requisite now than anger or excitement. Hark you, we cannot get a train before 3.30, and must be patient and prepare for a hasty trip.

ARTHUR.

But—but—

CONSTABLE.

No use to "but," Mr. Arlington; there is no other alternative, so we must wait, and might as well do so quietly.

MR. VILLERS.

I'm dying to know what the news is; explain the mystery.

ARTHUR.

Yes, yes, we must wait. [*Takes a chair and hands WILLIAMS the dispatch.*] Read it to my uncle, Mr. Williams. [*Buries his face in his hands. Hotel guests crowd around.*]

CONSTABLE. [*Reads aloud.*]

Painsville, Ohio.

MR. J. WILLIAMS—Your presence is immediately required. The abduction of two females has taken place at the house of Mr. Walters, in the suburbs of this city, on the night of the 9th inst. Up to date abductors have been tracked to the Lakeside Cliff. Lose no time in immediate response.

W. HALL, Mayor.

MR. VILLERS.

Ah, that is terrible! and no through train till 3.30! Do not despair, Arthur, my boy; be of good cheer. You may get off before that yet. [*Exit, l.*]

CONSTABLE.

Yes, Mr. Arlington, be of good cheer; if these villains have been tracked to the Lakeside Cliff, they will have no means of escape except by concealment in some cavern or cave. In this they will be tracked.

ARTHUR.

Yes, Mr. Williams; but I dread to think of the fate of their captives while in concealment. I know who is chief of the abductors; he is a villain of the deepest dye.

CONSTABLE.

Ah! you suspect somebody. Who is it?

ARTHUR.

No, I will not name him. I may be mistaken. But we must prepare to leave.

*Enter MR. VILLERS.*

MR. VILLERS.

Yes, be quick; a cab awaits us at the door, and I have obtained a special train to take us through.

ARTHUR. [*Grasping his hand.*]

God bless—uncle! and you are going with us?

MR. VILLERS.

Yes, for your sake I will go.

ARTHUR.

Then we will away; and by the gods of Roman creeds I swear the villains shall be brought to justice, if I spend my life in bringing them.

TABLEAU.

CON. WILLIAMS, *right*. ARTHUR, *centre*. MR. VILLERS, *left*.

## SCENE II.—Country road.

*Enter BOB MANKS, clothes sticking to him.*

MANKS.

Well, I'll be teetotally goldarned if that wasn't a ducking. I rather think I don't want to get into the clutches of that muscular Ethiopian any more—it isn't healthy. Glory, talk about your mariners and divers! if I didn't go to

the bottom of the deep I don't know water from hard cider, and I reckon that aint so. [*Looking off right.*] O Lord! O Lord! there are cops, as sure as pumpkins grow on vines.

*Enter TWO POLICEMEN, R.*

POLICEMAN NO. 1.

Ho, there! what's the matter? What are you doing out so early?

MANKS.

O Lord! gentlemen; believe me, I had nothing to do with it.

POLICEMAN NO. 1.

Hadn't anything to do with what?

MANKS.

O Lord! nothing, gentlemen. I—I—

POLICEMAN NO. 2.

Aha! that's one of the scoundrels as did the kidnapping up to Mr. Walter's house. [*Grasps MANKS by collar.*] Now we'll just march him off to jail.

MANKS.

Oh! oh! Spare me, gentlemen, spare me! I am innocent, truly I am. Oh, I will do anything for you. I'll give you anything—my coat, my hat, my watch—O Lord—anything. Just let me go.

POLICEMAN NO. 1.

Well, stop that harangue, and tell us where the girls are taken to.

MANKS.

O Lord—yes—yes. I'll tell you anything. Just let me go.

POLICEMAN NO. 2.

Oh, don't fool any time with that fellow. I reckon the fellows as have the girls are caught in their own trap, and you may depend on it the boys will hold them there till Constable Williams arrives.

POLICEMAN NO. 1.

Oh, ho! So Williams is coming, is he?

POLICEMAN NO. 2.

Yes, we sent a telegraphic dispatch for him this morning.

MANKS.

Gentlemen, this is an outrage; let me go, I am a peaceable citizen in a peaceable community. Can't a man travel along the public highway without being molested? being stopped and roughly used by such rogues as you? Let me go, I say, or truly, if there is law in the land, you shall suffer for this highway robbery. I am a man, gentlemen, I am a man— [*POLICEMAN NO. 1 shows mace*] Oa! O Lord! please don't strike me, don't!

POLICEMAN NO. 2.

Be quiet, then, and walk along peaceably, or we'll have to strike you and put the nippers on you too. Come, we'll off with him to jail. [*Exit, R.*]

### SCENE III—*Interior of a cave.*

JUNA and NETTIE seated on a boulder, R. *Enter* STERLING, L.

STERLING.

Well, Miss Juna, I am your master once again.

JUNA.

Master of the situation, sir, not me.

STERLING.

Well, have it your own way; at any rate I am master, and I have just sent word to Mr. Walters to abandon his pursuit or I would sacrifice your life to pay for his trouble.

JUNA.

I need, sir, I don't doubt it. I know you are cold-blooded enough to com-

mit such a dastardly deed; but think not to frighten me by your threats, for death would be a welcome visitor were I wholly at your mercy.

STERLING.

Ha! ha! a pretty speech, a lively tune, my bird; I enjoy it, but I think you'll change your music by and by, and sing another song. But here's my favorite, [*Turns to NETTIE*] this is my ideal bird. Well, Nettie, what do you think of our little abode? isn't it romantic? just the place for love and courtship.

NETTIE.

George Sterling, if you have any of the principles which belong to true manliness, you will respect us—weak women that we are—in your power—and leave us.

STERLING.

Well, I have some of the principles which belong to a true man, and they are just the cause of my seeking your company. I have the heart of a man, and the heart of any man is capable of love. My heart is filled with it—oh, you need not curl your lips in scorn—you once rejected me; but remember, you are now in my power.

NETTIE.

You have no power over me, sir, unless it be to take my life, and in that you can use your pleasure. I had rather die than listen to such avowals of what you call love.

STERLING.

You still retain your stubborn manner, I perceive; well, I will leave you to consider it, but remember what I have sworn, the sooner you give me your hand the better. [*Exit, L.*]

NETTIE.

Give to him my hand! I'd rather use that hand to sink a dagger through my heart.

JUNA.

O no, Nettie! you must do nothing so desperate; however, we must escape from this place—it is worse than death to remain longer. We must make a dash for liberty.

NETTIE.

O Juna, what shall we do? how can we free ourselves?

JUNA *walks R, picks up two pistols from a ledge and returns to NETTIE.*

JUNA.

There is means of escape within our reach, Nettie; see, these were left by Sterling and his mates. The villains seemed to think we women knew no use of them.

NETTIE.

O Juna! shall we use them?

JUNA.

Not unless it is necessary. Ha! there they come. Courage, Nettie; do not fail to play your part. Conceal your weapons. [*Conceal pistols.*]

*Enter STERLING and STAR, L.*

STAR.

Well, how are the birds by this time? Why, how do you do, my pretty? [*Takes a step towards JUNA.*]

JUNA. [*Leveling pistol.*]

Not another step, sir! it is dangerous.

STERLING.

Ha! that will never do. Give up that pistol. [*Takes a step towards JUNA.*]

NETTIE. [*Pointing pistol.*]

Not another step, sir! it is dangerous.

STERLING.

Come now, girls, this is a foolish move; what can you hope to gain by it?

JUNA.

We can at least demand respect, and with these weapons in our hands we can even demand our freedom.

STERLING.

Curse you, Mark, this is your work. Why did you leave those pistols here? [*Enter ROBINSON, R.*] Ha! Well, let us hear your demands, and see how quick we accede to them.

ROBINSON *steals up in the rear of JUNA and NETTIE, grasps their arms, and takes weapons from them. Both girls scream.*

ROBINSON.

Quite a brave little move, ladies. I admire your pluck.

STERLING.

And I too; but I would advise them not to—

*Enter MR. WALTERS, R. Rushes at STERLING with cane uplifted.*

MR. WALTERS.

Ha! villains, I have reached you at last. Now, sir, you shall suffer the penalty of your crime.

NETTIE. [*Running towards him.*]

O father! my dear father!

ROBINSON *rushes between them, pushes her back, and grasps the old man by the arm.*

ROBINSON.

Here, old man, not so fast; you have jumped into a lion's den this time.

*A struggle ensues, during which MR. WALTERS produces a pistol, fires at STERLING and STAR falls. STERLING draws dagger and rushes at MR. WALTERS.*

STERLING.

Curses on you, old man; I'll pay you for that.

NETTIE.

O heaven! my father—do not harm him. [*Falls on her knees at STERLING's feet.*] Kill me; sink your knife right through my heart, but spare—oh, spare my poor father! my aged father!

JUNA. [*Rushing toward STERLING.*]

Oh, do not kill! surely you have not the heart!

ROBINSON. [*Pushing her back.*]

Yes, he has the heart; you need not interfere. [*Points pistol at her.*]

STERLING.

Spare your father? Would he have spared me? did he not attempt to take my life?

NETTIE.

Yes, yes; but it was for my sake. Oh, have mercy on him!

JUNA.

Well, shoot me, sir; I am ready to die.

ROBINSON.

But I am not quite ready to kill you yet.

*Enter PLATO, R.*

PLATO.

No, not quite, yet.

[ROBINSON *leaps back.*]



*Enter ARTHUR, L. Strikes STERLING's dagger with his own.*

ARTHUR.

I have business with you, sir.

MR. WALTERS *sinks to the ground.* JUNA and NETTIE *bend over him.*

STERLING. [*Turns round.*]

Arthur Arlington, you here! Then we will settle up old scores.

PLATO and ROBINSON *close and wrestle.* ARTHUR and STERLING *have a duel with knives.* PLATO *finally frees himself from ROBINSON and jells him to the ground.* ARTHUR *stabs STERLING, the latter falls, then raises on his elbow.*

STERLING.

Curses on you for a butcher; you shall suffer yet for this.

NOTE.—These duels should take place at one and the same time, and terminate.

TABLEAU.

PLATO }  
ROBINSON } R.

JUNA,  
MR. WALTERS  
NETTIE.

L. { ARTHUR.  
STERLING.

CURTAIN.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Country road.*

*Enter MANKS, L.*

MANKS.

Oh, glory! glory! I am loose! I am loose! A free man once again; [*pauses panting*] and may the stars of the firmament fall as snow upon the earth, and may the waters of the deep assuage as did the flood in Noah's day, and may the sun be darkened and the moon be hidden, if ever I am caught again. O Liberty! O Freedom! where art thou in this day and at this time? Liberty, where are thy waste fields of peace and pleasure and freedom? where are thy nobility and charms? Art thou, like two companion doves, taken to the wing, leaving the earth that men may do as evil hearts and foul ambition prompt them? tyrannizing over the weak but good, and doing deeds of violence to the unoffending. Here am I, a poor weak unoffending being, can I not walk the highways of life quietly, going where duty calls me, without being captured by these hounds of the law, manacled, and dragged with untold cruelty to prison? [*Tramping of feet outside.*] What's that? Heavens! they're after me again. [*Jumps behind a tree, R.*]

*Enter MR. VILLERS and CONSTABLE WILLIAMS.*

MR. VILLERS.

So the rascals have been captured, eh?

CONSTABLE.

Yes; but they are in rather a bad condition. Arthur and Plato used them kind of roughly.

MR. VILLERS.

Are they dangerously injured?

CONSTABLE.

Well, no, not dangerously. Sterling was stabbed in the duel, his wounds are painful but not dangerous. Mark Star was shot—not fatally, though. Joe Robinson escaped with a black eye, the effect of a blow from Plato's fist.

MR. VILLERS.

And where is the other one? I understood these ruffians had another partner, what became of him?

CONSTABLE.

Oh! I guess Plato made short work of him by throwing him over the cliff; but it wasn't much loss to the community, for I know this fellow to be the greatest coward in the place, and—

MANKS. [*Rushing down centre.*]

That's a lie, gentlemen, that's a lie! I am not a coward, and I'll soon prove it, sir. [*To CONSTABLE.*] I question your authority to make such an assertion.

CONSTABLE nudges MR. VILLERS and points pistol at MANKS.

CONSTABLE.

This is my authority, sir.

MANKS. [*Suddenly meting to obedience.*]

Oh, I beg pardon, sir; I don't mean to offend you. Don't shoot, sir, don't shoot.

MR. VILLERS.

Ha—ha—ha! how brave!

CONSTABLE. [*Lowrs pistol.*]

Well, I don't mean to shoot you just now; but, I say, how did you escape drowning in the lake.

MANKS.

Oh, I just crawled out on the shore. Well, good day, gentlemen, my time is limited. [*Retreats, R., watching pistol closely.*]

CONSTABLE.

Wait a moment, I have business with you.

MANKS.

Indeed, I hope you'll excuse me just now, sir; I am in great haste.

CONSTABLE.

My business is very urgent.

MANKS. [*Still retreating.*]

I cannot possibly remain, sir. I—

CONSTABLE. [*Points pistol.*]

Come back, sir, I insist.

MANKS.

Oh, certainly, if it is necessary—don't point that pistol.

CONSTABLE produces handcuffs. MANKS, seeing them, makes a leap R. Slips and falls upon stage. CONSTABLE rushes at him and slips handcuffs on him.

CONSTABLE.

Aha! you thought to escape.

MANKS rises with difficulty, assisted by CONSTABLE.

MANKS.

Oh, Oh! I've broken every inch of bones in my body.

CONSTABLE.

Well, we will just take you to the station house and mend you. Come, Mr. Villers; I was lucky to meet this chap.

MANKS.

Oh, this is outrageous, gentlemen! I am a harmless being, why do you thus treat me?—yes, why? O Freedom! O Liberty!

*Exit all three, R.* MR. VILLERS laughing.

SCENE II —*Neatly furnished room in MR. WALTERS' house.*

NETTIE and JUNA seated on sofa, R. MR. WALTERS by the fire.

NETTIE.

Well, papa, we are none the worse for our terrible adventure.

MR. WALTERS.

No, Nettie, thanks to a kind heaven that gave Arthur and Plato strength and bold hearts to rescue us.

*Enter* PLATO.

PLATO.

Mr. Arlington and his uncle have called, sir.

MR. WALTERS.

Show them in this room, Plato, and return yourself. This is a grand reunion, and I wish each actor in our late adventure present.

JUNA.

What a terrible adventure we have had! I shudder when I think of your peril when that villain held a knife over you.

MR. WALTERS.

Yes; but let us not call to memory the scene, except to praise the bravery of that young hero, Arthur.

*Enter* ARTHUR, MR. VILLERS *and* PLATO, R.

ARTHUR.

And the noble fellow, Plato, who was first to start in hot pursuit, and leader to the rescue.

MR. WALTERS *rises, shakes hands with* ARTHUR *and* MR. VILLERS.

MR. WALTERS.

Right, Arthur, quite right.

PLATO *bows*.

MR. WALTERS. [*To* MR. VILLERS.]

What think you of our family?

MR. VILLERS.

It is quite a large and noble one, my dear sir.

NETTIE. [*To* ARTHUR.]

Arthur, your visit to Europe was a short one.

ARTHUR.

Well, yes, rather; but I shall make another start, and if God wills, and you fulfil your promise, we shall sail together.

MR. WALTERS.

Well, Plato, your sinewy arms have won for you a rich reward, your noble heart a richer, and [*with meaning glances at* JUNA] your courage and your bravery have capped the monument of your ambition's goal—your debt of gratitude is paid. [*PLATO bows.*] And Arthur, I cannot give to you a richer prize than she—the nearest and the dearest to my heart—my daughter. [*To* MR. VILLERS.] See, friend, the germ of a matrimonial flower has appeared, and strong the indications are that you, in reverence to your calling, shall be sought to join four youthful hearts, for weal or woe, through life.

TABLEAU.

JUNA, }  
PLATO. } R.

MR. WALTERS,  
MR. VILLERS.

L. { ARTHUR,  
NETTIE.

CURTAIN.





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